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FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Seven Saucy Sea-Gulls.

BY SAIDEE GERARD RUTHRAUFF.

SEVEN saucy sea-gulls
Waddling on the shore,
Eating what the sea brings,
Clamoring for more.

White feathers glistening
In the morning sun.
Eyes shining same as yours
When they're full of fun.

Now the banquet's over,
Gracefully they rise.
What beauty in the sweep of wing
When a sea-gull flies!

Lady or Fisher-lady?

BY S. G. MOSHER.

IRIS SERGEANT had sulked when the doctor told her that she must spend an entire summer outdoors. "No books," he had said, "for the next four months. Swim and row and play tennis, and get some color in those cheeks."

"I hate tennis and all such jumpy games," Iris retorted. "And I don't think that swimming and rowing are ladylike."

Mrs. Sergeant looked impatient, but the doctor gave her a warning glance. "Oh, just sit outdoors, if you like, but no books."

Iris was to visit an aunt whom she had never seen, and who lived at Bass Cove, a place two days distant from her home. When she stepped out of the train at Caxton, the nearest city to Bass Cove, she was greeted by a handsome, middle-aged lady.

"You are Iris," the lady said. "I know you by your likeness to your mother. And this is your cousin Netta."

A tall rosy-checked girl shook hands with Iris. "I am sorry you have been ill," she said. "But our sea air will soon make you strong and well."

Netta was a pretty girl, and Iris was relieved to note that her clothes, though simple, were well chosen.

"We have a tiresome wait of two hours here," Mrs. Fife said. "Then a journey of two hours on the local train brings us to Riverport, our nearest town. Jim will meet us there with the motor-boat."

"I hope it is safe," Iris said timidly. "But of course there is no wind to-day."

Netta laughed. "Of course it is safe," she said. "We keep quite close to the shore all the way, and we could swim ashore if anything happened to the boat."

"I couldn't," Iris said soberly.

"No, of course you have never lived near the sea," Netta replied. "But I thought city girls learned to swim in gymnasiums?"

"Yes, our gymnasium had a swimming-



"What beauty in the sweep of wing
When a sea-gull flies!"

pool, but—but I never learnt," Iris said lamely. She had been going to say that only tomboys learned to swim, but remembered in time that in the circumstances this would sound rude.

"I suppose you can't row, either?"

Iris shook her head.

"You poor thing—what a narrow life you have led! But haven't you any accomplishments?" her cousin asked pityingly.

"I can read French and German," Iris said rather defiantly. She was not going to be patronized by this country cousin.

"So can I, for that matter," was the placid reply. "There is a good high school at Riverport, and Jim and I go in the motor-boat, except in winter, when we have to drive. Now we are having holidays, of course."

Iris was tired and rather cross when they reached Riverport, and the "Bobster," as Jim Fife called his motor-boat, looked very small. She declined Jim's offer to let her steer, and Netta took the wheel. Iris could not help admiring the assured air with which her cousin managed the boat, and soon forgot to be nervous. At last they ran into a sheltered cove, and Jim made the boat fast to a little wooden pier. A five minutes' walk brought them to the Fife homestead, a big old-fashioned house nestling amid fruit-trees. Netta insisted that her mother and Iris should entertain each other while she prepared supper; Jim offered to set the table. There was fried salmon, with green peas and new potatoes, and these were followed by a cherry pudding. Iris, who was hungry after her journey, accepted a second helping of the salmon.

"This fish is delicious, but is it not hard to get supplies so far from town?" she asked.

"We get very little from town," her aunt said. "We raise our own fruit, vegetables, milk, and butter, and catch our own fish."

"You must think me stupid," Iris said. "But a city girl can hardly realize that there is any other way to get food except to buy it at a store."

"Then you have never gone fishing?" Jim asked in a pitying tone. "Never mind, we will soon teach you."

"You are very kind," Iris said hesitatingly, for she did not want to hurt his feelings, "but I am not sure that I would care about it. I have never gone in much for outdoor sports."

"We hardly consider fishing a sport," Jim assured her. "If the people about here could not catch fish, I am afraid they would often go hungry. And just at present, when meat is needed so badly for our soldiers, I think it is our duty to live on fish as much as possible."

"I know that fish have to be caught, but I do not think it is a girl's work to catch them," Iris said stubbornly.

Netta looked as if she wanted to argue the matter, but a warning glance from her mother stopped her.

After supper Netta showed her cousin over the little farm, and was shocked at the city girl's ignorance. She could not tell a pear tree from an apple tree, and the only vegetables she was sure of were peas, beans, and lettuce. Suddenly Netta remembered that it was time to milk the two cows.

"Jim usually milks when he is home, but he had to go to the weir. He wanted to take you, but I thought you would be too tired to trudge over the wet sand."

Iris was not sure what a weir was, and said nothing. She nervously watched her cousin enter the little paddock where the cows placidly chewed their cud, for Iris was frankly afraid of cows.

"Nothing in the weir last night," Jim announced at breakfast time, "so we shall have to dig some clams for dinner. Want to come, Iris?"

Iris thought that it would be pleasant to sit on the veranda with a book, for the day promised to be very hot and sultry. But since books were forbidden her, she thought she might as well watch the clam-diggers. Jim stared when she came down stairs, dressed in white, with white shoes and a big white parasol, but wisely said nothing. Netta wore a middie blouse and blue duck skirt, and her feet were shod with old tennis shoes.

Digging the clams was quite hard work, but Netta seemed to get a good deal of fun out of it. Iris, sitting on a high rock, felt rather lonely, for she could not venture on the mudflats without spoiling her white shoes. When the pail was full of clams, they carried them to the house and threw them in a pot of boiling water. Later Netta shelled the clams and made them into an appetizing chowder, with a bit of salt pork.

Mrs. Fife and Jim were picking strawberries for preserving. Iris volunteered to help them, but her aunt said that she would soil her dress, and that stooping in the hot sun would make her head ache. So she sat under an apple tree and tried to interest herself in her embroidery. The afternoon dragged worse than the morning. Netta and Jim were weeding the garden, and when Iris offered to help, Jim laughed and said he could not take the risk of having his young carrots mistaken for weeds. "Besides," he added, "you would get your dress dirty."

"It will wash," Iris said shortly.

"This soil leaves marks that are hard to wash out," Netta explained. "It is a kind of red clay. Have you no colored dresses?"

Iris said that she had several dark print gowns.

"Just the thing. If you'll change after supper, and put on a pair of my tennis shoes, you can come to the weir with me. Jim is going to do the milking."

Iris took her cousin's advice, and had to admit that tennis shoes were more comfortable in the country than the high-heeled ones she had been wearing all day. They set off for the weir, carrying a big basket between them.

"We may not get anything," Netta explained. "On the other hand, there may be a big codfish, or a halibut or salmon."

The weir was a three-sided enclosure of brushwood, open toward the land. Fish swimming in with the tide were left when it receded, unable to get through the brushwood fence.

"We may get our feet wet," Netta said, "but that is nothing on such a warm evening."

Iris hated wet feet and draggled clothes, but she did not want Netta to laugh at her, so she followed her cousin resolutely. The weir was quite a long one, but by avoiding the pools left by the retreating tide

they were able to get to the farther end without getting wet. Suddenly Iris, stopping by a large pool, exclaimed, "Oh, here is an immense fish, Netta!"

"It is a halibut," Netta replied. "See, there are two. Jim will be pleased. We are selling all the halibut we catch, and giving the money to the Red Cross fund. We have caught two already this week."

"But how do you catch them? We brought no hook."

"With our hands, of course. The fish can't get away, and the water is shallow." She waded boldly into the pool, but Iris stood shivering on the edge.

Netta grabbed the larger fish by the tail and tried to throw it into the basket, but it slipped from her grasp and darted to the other side of the pool. Again and again she caught it, but each time the fish got away.

"Come, Iris, and help," she cried at last, impatiently. "If we both seize it at once we can easily get it into the basket."

"I—I daren't," Iris stammered. "It is so wet and slimy."

"Then I shall have to go for Jim to help me," Netta said, as patiently as she was able. "Will you stay here or come with me?"

"I shall stay," Iris said shortly. She was ashamed of herself, and angry with her cousin. She was beginning to wish that she were as capable as Netta, and she thought it might help if she were to watch the fish, and see that nobody took it during her cousin's absence. She knew that it would be half an hour before Netta and Jim could get back, and she sat down on a rock to wait. As she sat in the quiet and solitude, she suddenly realized that she was a coward and a shirker, always avoiding the disagreeable tasks of life, and priding herself on the refinement that made her dislike vulgar but necessary work.

"I am a snobbish little wretch," she told herself. "While my countrymen fight for me in France, I am too dainty, or too cowardly, to try to catch the fish that is so much needed to save other food."

Suddenly she sprang up, animated by a bright idea. "I am as strong as Netta," she thought, "and I have had more gymnasium and basketball practice. I shall try, at least."

Seizing the basket, she waded resolutely into the pool, repressing a shiver as her feet sank in the soft mud. She wanted to catch the smaller fish first, but could not see it, for the water was now muddy. Suddenly she stepped on something yielding, and screamed as the fish darted from under her foot. In a moment she had seized it resolutely and with a sudden heave tossed it high and dry on the sand, where it lay gasping. The larger fish, however, was a more difficult matter. Several times she caught it, but each time it succeeded in getting away. But at last, with a quick scooplike movement of the basket, she had the fish safely imprisoned. She staggered ashore with her prize and soon the fish on the sand had joined its companion in the basket.

Iris started for the shore, but found that the weight was too much for her. She set the basket down, and went on to meet her cousins.

"What has happened?" Netta exclaimed, when she met them. "Did you fall in the water? You had better hurry home and

change your things before you catch cold."

Iris swept a wisp of wet hair from her eyes, and laughed as she looked at her muddy hands and draggled skirt. "I am in rather a mess," she admitted, "but I caught the fish."

"You caught the fish?" Netta repeated incredulously. "But I thought you were afraid!"

"Nonsense, Netta," Jim said, for he had noticed the flush on his cousin's face.

"But I was—and I am yet, for that matter. All the same, I caught them. I know, Netta, that I am ignorant and stupid, but I believe I could learn to do things if you would teach me."

"I'll be glad to teach you anything I know, and I don't think you are stupid at all," Netta said warmly.

"Don't stand talking here all evening," Jim exclaimed impatiently. "We must take the halibut down to Captain Burgess to-night, for his schooner is going to town to-morrow morning. They should bring a good price, and we will give Iris one-third of it."

"How good of you!" Iris exclaimed. "It will be the first money I have ever earned, and I mean to invest it in war stamps. Perhaps some day I shall have enough to buy a Liberty Bond—who knows?"

"Only a Penny!"

BY FELIX FLUEGEL.

"ONLY a penny!" These words were spoken by an elegantly dressed woman on one of the busy thoroughfares of a wealthy American city. "Only a penny!" The voice rang out clearly so that the men and women who were hurriedly passing glanced curiously at the woman who had uttered this remark. Two lads, who were brushing the sidewalk with their fingers, told the whole story. The woman had obviously dropped a penny and these boys were trying to rescue the shining metal from under the feet of passers-by. "Only a penny!" the woman repeated. But the two boys were determined to find the penny upon which the features of one of our greatest Presidents, a man who never scorned even a penny, were so beautifully reproduced.

In a few minutes the woman continued her stroll down the bustling thoroughfare of this great American city, once again the possessor of the penny which had caused her such annoyance. She believed that she had been made the object of curiosity, and felt humiliated to think that she had been asked to wait until the two eager lads had recovered her penny. "Only a penny!" she repeated silently, and threw her head back with indignation.

Those who heard these careless words could not help but ponder over their meaning.

While the greater part of the world is actually suffering for want of the bare necessities of life it is of even greater importance for us to respect the penny than in times of peace and plenty. Had it not been for the pennies saved by the boys and girls of America thousands of women and children in France and Belgium would have starved to death. Does it not seem to you that after all it is the penny that counts?



Drawing by H. Weston Taylor.

The Cabin on the Sky Line

by Mabel S. Merrill

Chapter Second.

THE eyes were gleaming out of the boughs of a small spruce-tree which had been set up on a wooden base in the corner of the cabin. The odd voice which had said, "Come in," now added, "Shut the door, can't you?" and the children saw that the speaker was a gray parrot in a cage. The talking bird and the eyes in the corner seemed to have the place to themselves. There was no human creature in sight.

"Here's the cage the green fellow must have got out of," Frederick said. "Shut the cabin door, while we get him back."

They had the runaway safe in a few minutes, then they peered curiously into the spruce-tree to see what the owner of those two eyes looked like. They almost shouted with delight when they found that the animal in the thicket of boughs was a young raccoon, a pretty bright-eyed creature, looking as knowing as a kitten and seeming quite at home in the cabin.

"Somebody that likes pets lives here," Frederick decided. "I suppose we mustn't stay, now we've put the green bird where he'll be safe. We'll go outside and look for the owner of the Zoo."

They gave a quick look around the comfortable dark little room, which seemed to have no furniture except a poor bed, a chair, and a small cookstove. Alice and the boys were turning to go out when Emily, who had found a little window at the back of the cabin, crooked her finger at them mysteriously.

"Quick!" she whispered. "Come and look."

Four heads clustered at the window, and four pairs of eyes peeping out saw a charming picture. Under a tree behind the cabin a little white-haired old man stood with his hand stretched out toward a swinging box cover which hung from a low branch. In the cover stood a beautiful Baltimore oriole, so near that the children could see his bright eyes glisten as he cocked his head. He had been picking up crumbs which were scattered in the box cover, and as they watched him he stepped a little nearer and took a bit of food from the man's hand. For a few minutes he stood there in the swinging feed-box, turning about in the sun to show his bright plumage, then he flew up into the tree, and they heard his saucy note high overhead. Before the watchers at the window could move, there was another whirr of wings, and a handsome bluejay bounced down on the ground and began picking up grains of corn close to the old man's feet. Then two or three

chickadees appeared, and hopped into the swinging feed-box and from there to their friend's hand and arm. Soon a plump robin alighted on his shoulder and a few sparrows fluttered down from the tree. Alice squeezed Emily's arm as she pointed out a gray squirrel sitting on a branch, nibbling something that looked like the end of a fir cone. He was throwing the bits he gnawed off down upon the head of the old man below, exactly as a mischief-loving boy would have done.

"The gray chap is jealous of the birds and wants to be taken notice of," whispered Lynn. "Say, this little man is a wizard with live things. You don't suppose he's a brownie, do you? There, look at that now. That's the fellow that went out of the cabin past our heads as we came in."

A big black crow had come sailing down from the top of a tree and alighted on the old man's shoulder. The smaller birds vanished with a quick whirr of wings, and the squirrel jumped to another tree, from which he began to scold at the black intruder.

The four children ran out of the cabin by a small back door and joined the man under the tree.

"We've been breaking into your house," began Frederick, pulling off his cap. "But the gray parrot told us to come in, and we brought the green one home and put him in his cage—at least, we thought it was his cage."

"Quite right," returned the old man, "and much obliged to you. That parakeet was a present from South America. I should be sorry to lose him, but he doesn't really know enough to come in when it rains. I call him 'Greenhorn' because he is so stupid. Gray Polly has wit enough for both, though. Are you young folks neighbors of mine?"

They told him where they lived and all about their finding the fox.

"Redhair out, too?" exclaimed the old man. "Well, well, I must take better care of my family than this. The little chap is hardly big enough to tackle a chicken yet, but foxes are foxes, and I don't mean to let him go loose. I dug him out of a burrow in a pasture. Something had happened to the mother, and all the babies had died but this one."

Then he went on to tell them about his other pets, and how he had come to live here for the summer, partly to be among the wild creatures of the hillside. But the children soon guessed that he was too poor to live in a much better place. He was working at the paper-box factory, he said, down in Reeve Street, only to-day there would be no work till eleven o'clock.

"Not many people know that I've come here to live," he went on. "Mr. Oriole and Sam Smoke—that's the crow—wouldn't like to have a lot of folks coming to see them. But I'd be glad to have you youngsters come and get acquainted. My name is John Orville. Most everybody calls me Daddy Orville."

Emily looked at him thoughtfully. "I'd like to call you Daddy Oriole," she said. "You ought to have a bird name, and that sounds a little like your real one. It will always make me think of the first minute I looked out of the window and saw you standing there under the tree."

They stayed with Daddy Oriole all the forenoon, and liked him better every minute. Emily whispered to Alice that she thought he was as beautiful as the oriole, only different. "His face is so lovely and kind, and his eyes are just the color of the bluebells up there on the bank," she declared.

"You'd know he was a perfect dear, the minute you looked at him," agreed Alice.

It was Frederick who made the greatest discovery of all, or so he thought it. He told the others all about it when their friend had gone off to the factory with his poor bit of luncheon in a small tin pail.

"You look at this!" The boy held out a great ragged mass of scribbled papers the old man had given him to look over. The cramped hand-writing covered loose sheets of wrapping-paper and the smooth sides of paper bags. Frederick had been reading some of it, and his eyes snapped with excitement.

"It's a funny-looking lot of stuff, I know, but it wakes you right up to read it. He has written down all his own adventures in the woods with wild birds and squirrels and things. There's enough to fill a book, and it would make a mighty good one. I'm going down to the house and bring up my tramp typewriter and a package of clean paper, and copy out as many pages as I can. If I work at it all my spare time I can get the whole thing typed and he'll think that's as good as having it printed, almost."

"I know what I'm going to do," announced Emily, after a pause. "Daddy Oriole said we might have the run of the place this afternoon, and I'll cook his supper for him. He didn't have anything to put in that dinner pail except two old dry rolls and a speck of cheese. I know Mother will say it's a good plan,—cooking for him, I mean."

"Let's adopt Daddy Oriole and take care of him," proposed Lynn, throwing his cap in the air. "He needs somebody; he is old and lives all alone. I don't believe he has got any folks. We'll take charge of him and not let anybody else know he is here if we can help it. The cabin on the sky line will be our secret, only I suppose Alice and I will want to tell Gran and Grandpa. But they're all right any time."

"Mamma will like to hear all about it," added Emily, "and Papa will laugh and make fun at the idea of our adopting anybody, but they'll both help."

"Only they've a lot on their hands now," Frederick reminded her. "And anyhow, it's our business to do all the work ourselves when we take charge of an extra man."

Papa Heath did laugh a little at the idea of their having discovered an author on the hill back of the house, but he said he had heard of Daddy Oriole, who was well known as a steady reader at the public library, though few persons were much acquainted with him.

"He's a quiet old fellow and keeps to himself," said Mr. Heath. "But he's a safe sort of playmate for you, and I'm glad to have you outdoors as much as possible these pleasant days."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

10 MITCHELL STREET,
KIRKCALDY, FIFE.

Dear Miss Buck,—Although the Atlantic Ocean divides us, we would like to join the Beacon Club and live up to its motto. Our minister was Rev. S. T. Pagesmith, but now he has gone to a larger congregation. We still keep the church going, however, and the Sunday school is increasing in numbers.

Yours sincerely,
TOM CARMICHAEL (14 years old).
JAMES CARMICHAEL (9 years).
ANDREW CARMICHAEL (9 years).
GEORGE WRIGHT (11 years).

93 BALSUNEY ROAD,
KIRKCALDY, FIFE, SCOTLAND.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Unitarian Sunday school every Sunday. My teacher's name is Miss Robertson. I am ten years old. I would like to become a member of the Club. I like *The Beacon* very much.

Yours truly,
JAMES W. BROWN.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church in Kirkcaldy. Our minister was Mr. Pagesmith, but he went down to England. I would like to wear a button. Our Sunday school is not very very big. The secretary is Miss M. Robertson.

FREDERICK INGRAM.

928 LINDEN AVENUE.
LONG BEACH, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Sunday school of the First Unitarian Church.

I am only four years old, and have been to Sunday school since last May and have missed only one Sunday, and that because I was ill.

I was christened on Easter Sunday. Our minister's name is Dr. H. N. Pfeiffer. I hope to wear the Beacon button, for I love to read *The Beacon*.

Your loving friend,
MARY HASKELL BOWMAN.

407 W. CLARK STREET,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck,—I want to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button.

I like the stories in *The Beacon*.

I am seven years old.

ANNABEL DOLBEAR.

As for Mother Heath, she never stopped to hear the end of the fox and parrot story. It was enough for her to hear about that poor lean dinner pail. She went into the pantry and put up a bag of flour, a can of molasses, baking powder, two eggs, a jar of soup stock, and a bag of dry beans and some other vegetables, and gave them all to Emily.

"It will give you a good chance to practice what you've learned in our home cooking-lessons," said Mother. "Don't set the house afire, and be home by dark."

The Fairways were at the cabin when Frederick and Emily arrived in the afternoon, and all four fell to work. Frederick set up his tramp typewriter—a spry little portable machine—on a bench outside the cabin, while the others worked in and around the tiny house.

When Daddy Oriole came toiling up the steep path at the back of the hill that night, his four friends had set a neat table out under the tree in front of the cabin. The table was only two boards laid across the heads of barrels, but Alice had covered it with a clean checked cloth Gran had found for her. There was a big kettle of hot vegetable stew on the little stove in the cabin, and there was new gingerbread and warm biscuit, and a large dish of blueberries Lynn had picked in a hollow of the hillside.

"I've started your baked beans, too," announced Emily. "To-morrow morning I'll put them in the fireless cooker,—Mother said I could bring up the smallest one. Then I'll make brown bread, and your supper will be all ready when you come."

Daddy Oriole thanked them for all this in a voice that trembled a little, but when Frederick showed him the first fifteen pages of his "book" neatly typed on clean white paper the old man said nothing at all. Only his eyes shone like blue dia-

monds, so they knew he was really more pleased with that than with anything else.

"We thought the book ought to have some good pictures," said Lynn at length. "Alice takes pretty fair ones with her small camera, and if we four can get off on a trip I know of, early to-morrow morning, we shall have something to show folks later on."

(To be continued.)

Love.

IF you loved me, and I loved you,
And each one loved the other,
If every one beneath the sun
Said, "Comrade, I'm your brother,"
All war would cease, and loving peace
Would bless the world forever;
This love would bind God's loving mind
And all mankind together.

John Martin's Book.

A Fable.

BY DAVID FERRIS KIRBY.

"I WISH" and "I Will"

Once ran in a race,
And while things went smoothly,
They kept up the pace.

But, seeing a boulder,
That lay on the ground,
They halted a minute
(They couldn't go 'round).

"I wish I could jump it,"
The first fellow said.
"I will!" said the other,
And came out ahead.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA III.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 12, 2, 4, is to walk slowly.
My 15, 8, 9, 6, is a boy's toy.
My 12, 13, 3, 15, is a bird.
My 1, 2, 14, is to deface.
My 11, 5, 7, is what dogs are sometimes called.

My 1, 10, is a pronoun.
My whole is the name of a famous motion-picture actress.

BARBARA MERRIHEW PERKINS.

ENIGMA IV.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 12, 13, 14, 2, 11, 17, is a character in the Bible.

My 12, 16, is not yes.
My 4, 3, 14, is a wager.
My 7, 2, 6, 16, 12, 3, is the chair of a queen.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, is life's beginning.
My 10, 5, 17, is on a fish.
My 4, 3, 6, 1, 8, is on a ship.
My 9, 13, 6, is needed for a rowboat.
My 15 is not you.
My whole is a well-known screen play.

ALICE E. PHILLIPSON.

ENIGMA V.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 3, 2, 1, 4, is to make a hole.
My 5, 8, 6, is a place in the road.
My 10, 11, 12, is 2,000 lbs.
My 7 is the sixth letter of the alphabet.
My 9 is the twelfth letter of the alphabet.
My whole is a well-known man.

DOROTHEA REDMAN.

NUTS ADDED.

1. Add a nut to a refreshing drink, and it is still a nut.
2. Add a nut to a part of a house, and it is still a nut.
3. Add a nut to a vegetable, and it is still a nut.
4. Add a nut to a girl's name, and it is still a nut.
5. Add a nut to a box with a lid, and it is still a nut.
6. Add a nut to an ornamental tree, and it is still a nut.

The Mayflower.

PIED WORDS.

I.

Two A's, two S's and a Q
Arranged just so with I and U
Will bring to sight for you and me
A most unpleasant kind of tree.

II.

One N, one I, two E's, one D,
One T, one S, one R, one P,
If shaken well, will greet your eye
As one whose place is very high.

Youth's Companion.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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